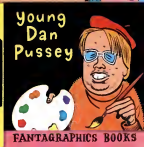
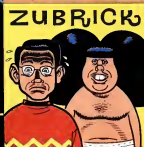


SUE WANTS A BARBECUE! SAM WANTS TO BOIL A HAM!
JAKE WANTS A WEENIE BAKE, STEAK AND A LAYER CAKE!

EIGHTBALL



INSIDE:



FANTAGRAPHICS BOOKS

WHY IS IT THAT GUYS
IN ROCK BANDS GET GIRLS AND
CARTOONISTS DON'T? BOTH AG-
GERT THEIR MASCULINITY THROUGH
THE USE OF OBVIOUS PHALLIC EX-
TENSIONS, YET ONLY THOSE GUITAR
PUNKIN' CREEPS SEEM TO SCORE WITH
THE CHICKS! PARTLY TO BLAME, I
SUSPECT, IS THE TERM 'CARTOONIST',
WHICH BRINGS TO MIND A SMALL, BE-
NEIGN, SOCIALLY-INERT SQUARE...
THIS IS WHEN THERE ARE THOSE
AMONG US WHO REJECT THIS TERM
AND DARE ANSWER TO A NEW
NAME... WE ARE THE

INK STUDS



Clawes

IF YOU PLAY OUT THE METAPHOR, MR. ROCK STAR IS
A LOUISH, VULGAR SORT WHO WILL ROUGHLY AND
INEPTLY STRUM HIS INSTRUMENT WITH BRAIN-
NUMBING REPETITIVENESS... HE IS CONCERNED
ONLY WITH SELF-GRATIFICATION AND SELDOM
PERFORMS FOR VERY LONG. HE IS A WEAK,
BAD LITTLE MAN HIDING BEHIND A WALL OF
NOISE AND FEIGNED SURLINESS...



THE INK STUD, HOWEVER, IS KNOWLEDGEABLE AND
PATIENT... HE IS WILLING TO SPEND HOURS
LAVISHING ATTENTION ON EVERY DETAIL, EM-
PLOYING A DIZZING ARRAY OF STROKES, FROM
THE BOLD AND DIRECT TO THE MASTERFULLY
PRECISE... HE IS A PASSIONATE STYLIST
WHOSE EVERY TOUCH IS FIRM, CONFIDENT,
EXPERTLY SKILLED...



SO WISE UP, LADIES! GRAB THAT LONG-
HAIREF, FENDER-BENDIN', THREE-CHORD GOMED
SW HIS LEATHER PANTS AND GIVE IM THE
HEAVE-HO! IT'S TIME TO FIND YOURSELF
A CARTOON CASANOVA! GALS EVERYWHERE
ARE DOING IT! DON'T BE A CHUMP!



COME TO
THINK OF IT,
I'LL TAKE AN
INK STUD!



Like a **VELVET GLOVE** cast in **IRON**



PART NINE



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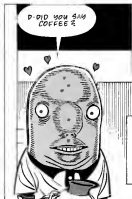












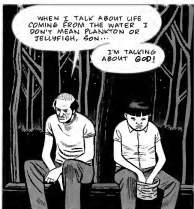


I USED TO BE AN ORDINARY KID LIKE YOU BEFORE I SPENT SOME TIME UNDERWATER... I WAS A MERCENARY DIVER... I SAW SOME THINGS I DEEP ANYBODY TO EXPLAIN.



WHEN I TALK ABOUT LIFE COMING FROM THE WATER I DON'T MEAN PLANKTON OR JELLYFISH, SON...

I'M TALKING ABOUT GOD!



I'M SURE NOT A CHRISTIAN OR A MUSLIM OR A JEW BUT I BELIEVE IN A SUPREME BEING AND I BELIEVE THAT HE COMES FROM THE WATER AND I BELIEVE THAT CERTAIN PEOPLE HAVE ACCESS TO HIS POWER AND THAT THEY USE IT TO CORRUPT ENDS!

MUNCH MUNCH SLURP



OK, HOW MUCH MORE DO WE HAVE TO DO?

PRECIOUS DARLING, YOU KNOW YOUR WORDS DETERMINE MY EVERY ACTION... PLEASE BE PATIENT WITH ME...



NOW LET'S GET BACK TO "BLUE BIRD OF HAPPINESS"... HOW ABOUT THE WOMAN, DO YOU HAVE A NAME FOR HER YET?

...IRENE...

MARVELOUS! WHAT COLOR IS HER HAIR?

REDDISH BROWN...



OKAY, WE'VE GOTTEN UP TO THE POINT WHERE TO THE CLAUDE ENTERS IRENE'S TENT... WHAT DO THEY DO?

THEY TALK.

ABOUT WHAT?

SHE'S GOT SOMETHING WRONG WITH HER... SOME DISEASE.



I LOVE IT! THEN WHAT?

HE FUCKS HER

...AND SHE CRIES AFTERWARDS...





5

EIGHTBALLITIS



write:

BOX 3757
CHICAGO, IL
60654

CRACK

DEAR DAN,

HAVING NOW READ ALL EIGHT EXISTING ISSUES OF YOUR COMIC 'EIGHTBALL' I HAVE NOW COME TO THE HORRIFYING CONCLUSION THAT YOU ARE A VILE, BITTER, COMPRESSION-LESS CYNIC WHOSE EXCESS OF CONTEMPT FOR HUMANITY ONLY GOES TO SHOW YOU HAVE NO SOUL AND NO HEART!

BOB HARTSHORN
ESSEX, ENGLAND

DAN,

HERE'S A LITTLE ANECDOTE THAT RELATES TO THE MY SUICIDE BIT! ONCE I WAS RIDING ON THE BACK SEAT OF A BUS WITH A GIRLFRIEND, WHEN A SECURITY COP SAT IN FRONT OF US WITH HIS GUN HANGING OUT RIGHT WITHIN INCHES OF MY HAND. SO AS A JOKE I PRETEND LIKE I'M GOING TO GRAB HIS GUN, JUST TO GET A LAUGH OUT OF THE WOMAN I WAS WITH. THERE WAS NO WAY THE SECURITY COP COULD SEE THIS

GOING ON, BUT SOME KID ACROSS THE AISLE SAW ME AND YELLS, "HE'S GOIN' FOR YOUR GUN!" EVERYONE IN THE BUS TURNING AROUND AND STARES AT ME, ESPECIALLY THE 8-FOOT, 200-LB. SECURITY COP. NO ONE THOUGHT MY LITTLE JOKE WAS VERY FUNNY. WHAT A COMEDIAN.

DENNIS WORDEN
SAN JUAN CAPISTRANO, CA.

DEAR D. CUPPES:
YOU ARE A DOUBLE-A-GS BITCH.

MICHAEL HASHIM
NEW YORK, NY.

WANTED: MORE READERS LIKE...



HERB LICHTENSTEIN
CHICAGO, IL.

DANIEL,
I THOUGHT I SHOULD WRITE MY FIRST VENTURE OUTSIDE TODAY WAS TO GO TO THE POST OFFICE TO CHECK MY MAIL - STANDING IN FRONT OF THE HALLMARK GIFT

SHOP WAS A TALL, WHITE RABBIT WEARING OVERALLS WITH BLUE AND YELLOW BALLOONS. I WONDERED WHAT KIND OF HORRIBLE PERSON STOOD INSIDE THE COSTUME. AND AS I DREW NEARER I SUSPECTED A BAY PERSON WHEN THE KNEES DIPPED AT PAGES 279 AND SPRANG BACK HAPPILY ON MY WAY HOME I PASSED THE RABBIT AGAIN WHICH I HAD ALMOST FORGOTTEN ABOUT WHILE I WAS IN THE P.O. THIS TIME IT SPoke TO A CHILD. "HELLO, HOW ARE YOU?" IN AN IDENTICAL ACCENT. I WENT STRAIGHT HOME, UP THE STAIRS AND CLOSED THE DOORS. DANIEL, ARE YOU SURE YOUR MAGAZINE IS CUTE.

TODD PRODHOMME
NEW YORK, NY.

P.S. RE PAGE 34 OF NO. 8: WHEN A BULLET ENTERS, THERE IS NO OUTWARD SPREAD OF FRAGMENT OR LIQUID. ONLY AS THE BULLET EXITS DOES IT TAKE MATERIAL WITH IT... AND IF IT'S A HOLLOW POINT! I'M SENSITIVE TO BALLISTICS PRESENTLY BECAUSE THERE WAS AN AD FOR A CHEVY CHASE MOVIE WHERE A BULLET WAS SHOWN LEAVING HIS HEAD WITH THE SHELL STILL ON!

DAN,

I JUST PICKED UP EIGHTBALL #8 AND I'VE FINALLY REALIZED WHAT IT IS ABOUT YOUR WORK --- YOU DRAW EVERYBODY IN THE WORLD WITH WORSE TEETH THAN MINE.

BRIAN PAYNE
NORTHBLENN, CO.





Dan Pussey in "THE ARTIST'S LIFE"

By Daniel Clowes

SMELL THAT? IT'S THE MIDNIGHT OIL BEING BURNED!
JOIN US AS OUR HEROIC PENCILLER DAN PUSSEY
PULLS AN ALL-NIGHTER IN ORDER TO MEET HIS
DEADLINE ON THE INCREDIBLE LADDER-LAD...



ARTISTS OFTEN HONE THEIR SKILLS BY COPYING
MASTER DRAWINGS... YOUNG PUSSEY'S INSPIRATION
THIS EVENING IS LONG-TIME BELT-BOY ARTIST
MORT GRINDSTEIN...



I'VE APPROPRIATED A LOT OF IMAGES FROM YOUR
COMICS IN MY SHIT AND I THINK YOU'D REALLY
DIG IT! I'M HAVING AN OPENING AT THE
SNOKEHORN GALLERY THIS FRIDAY AND I
WANT YOU TO COME DOWN AS MY GUEST!



IT'S AT THE SNOKEHORN... I'LL SEE YOU
THERE, MAN... I LOVE YOUR SHIT!





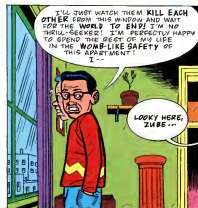
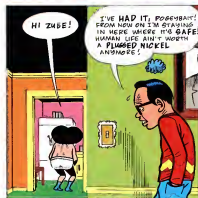




ZUBRICK

and **POGEYBAIT**





Eightball

David Byrne

"Greco turned to the Old Man who was now leaning uncomfortably on the pool table. 'You are not an artist, Mr. Greco,' he croaked. 'In fact, you know nothing about the subject.' He grabbed the eight-ball and held it reverently in his palm."

"To create art is to create a New World; a tiny planet, living and fertile which, once it is set into motion, becomes independent of the artist and goes forth, careening and spinning in accordance with the laws of physics. Mine is a dark, mysterious, obscure world, black and mysterious." He recklessly tossed the eight-ball onto the table, loudly scattering the other balls.



